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Today is history tomorrow is a mystery



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Chapter 1 by liv McEller<3

Diary Entry: 1/1/16

Another day, another week, and another year. Things haven't changed for me one bit since this year has started. I still have the same name of Josephine Ramirez, same parents, and still living the life of a homeless person. Things aren't exactly easy around these big city streets of New York, I survive all meals from the dumpster behind 7th Street, and all clothing from any possible donation centers. Ever since my father has lost his job as a business manager, and our house my mother, father, and I lived in for quite some time, went into foreclosure, we settled our living on Broadway street, hoping we can get some generous donations. So far all is ok, I just got this journal that I am writing in now from a somewhat looking business man. With my journal I will be continuously writing all my dreams, thoughts, and how all of my life is going. I must go for now, my family and I will be traveling back to 7th street to maybe fetch some old eaten McDonald's cheese burger for a somewhat dinner.

Diary Entry: 1/2/16

I have a really good feeling that today will be a good day, I don't know why, I just do. I feel like I woke up good, also I had a nice breakfast thanks to a women who gave my family \$20 for a good

of meal at McDonald's and just a little extra for a new pair of gloves, and I still had a remainder of \$2. I tried thinking of ways to use it but I couldn't think, so I just gave the rest of that \$2 to my father for his birthday. He did. When I told him about the rest of the money he said it was a perfect idea for this remaining money. I saw a billboard this morning about some lottery power ball special that has

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the power ball up to almost 1 billion dollars!!! Maybe we should buy a \$2 ticket? It's worth a shot?" At first I didn't really know what the powerball was at first, then I figured they are just some numbers that are pulled, and if your numbers were pulled, you would get all the so say "\$ca-ching\$". Mother and I willingly went with my father's plan to buy the ticket.

Diary Entry: 1/4/16

Finally! We have bought the ticket, we went to some small little station right outside of the city, hoping with a smaller location, our chances will be higher. When we walked up to the station, we seem to fit in with most of the people in the station, they were dressed as if they had some debt to pay off, and stuff like that. As we approached the counter, the seemingly nice African American woman raised from her seat to greet my family and I. She started with a pleasant, "Hello wonderful family how may I assist you today", my father replied, "Hello there, and yes you may assist me, I would like to purchase a powerball ticket please." The woman then nodded at my father and tore the ticket from the rack and told us good luck. As my mother thanked the kind woman we headed out the door with high hopes. On our way back I found a five dollar bill lying on the corner of Madison Avenue and Parker Street. After I picked up the bill, I saw a mother with three very little children snuggled right by her side with a little grocery sack for donations. My mother then told me "Hey Jo, why don't you go and give the mother and children that five dollars, they may just need it more than we do, I agreed and headed to the corner. I politely gave her the bill, and she then greeted me with a huge smile, It felt so good to know that I can help others out as well, knowing that my family is in the same situation.

Diary entry: 1/10

Oh my goodness! I lost my diary for a couple days and finally found it! I accidentally left it in the old abandoned parking lot when we were picking up trash. I am so relieved that we found the book, I would not be the same without it. But anyways it is getting closer and closer till the drawing day and I am still hoping that we are for the win for one billion dollars! They say on the live television that everyone's chances are seemingly high. I'm thinking that we may have a

chance of winning! Hopefully we can luck out on this one!

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Diary entry: 1/14

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I broke my foot! not good at all we are not able to get to the hospital so I can not get a cast for my leg to make it better. This week has turned into a disaster, we have had a huge snow storm

this past week and my family and I are freezing. This has definitely the last straw for my family and I, and we need to do something! Tomorrow is drawing day for the lottery. Man would it be a dream come true to win, this money would last a lifetime! all hopes for my family and I, I will write after we won.

Chapter 2 by Jacqueline



Diary entry: 1/15

My foot has been in so much pain lately, I don't even know how my parents paid for me to get it fixed. The power ball is today and I am worried. Worried that if we don't win what will happen. If some rich guy wins then... I would cry. I would cry so much the world wouldn't see the end of it. I would probably cry so much that the streets of New York would flood and almost everyone would die. That's not what I want. What I want is to be rich. Rich. Rich. Rich. I want to be rich in happiness. I don't need a big princess bedroom. Although that would be nice. I've always dreamt of a large staircase spilling over the grand entrance. Maybe a big crystal chandelier. And marble floors that turn into the most perfect wood. But that was for the rich. No way my family could afford an apartment like that. As we are now we can't even afford to buy me a big fluffy princess coat, like the rich girls wear. My parents can't even afford to buy me a winter coat. We walked down to the nearest station to watch the drawing. My dad gripped the ticket in his hand. While the first numbers were called and were shown on the screen he grinned, good that's good I thought. My father's smile soon took a turn into a melancholy frown. No... we didn't win? This can't be. I guess I won't get a princess coat. My mom was mad at my dad. She was furious. We spent two dollars on NOTHING. NOTHING. My dad didn't respond he sat there staring at the trash can. I glanced at the gutters. It wasn't going to be a good night. I could tell by the way the wind swept across the ground. The man said no one had won, that the jackpot was being raised. My eyes widened. RAISED! Maybe we could get me a designer purse. And I could go to a big school and learn about the Revolutionary War (I love to learn). I looked around the floor of the station for any coins. Hmmm. I saw 1 dollar lying in front of the cash register. I snatched it and decided I would buy a ticket. Wait I need two dollars. I scavenged the floor. One dime, Six pennies, two quarters, and four dimes. 1 dollar and 86 cents. You can do this. I. My father's

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anyway. They are going to draw it next week. I smiled, next week I will be the one holding the 1.3 billion dollars.

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